oes, quietly."
"We know some of it," said Garrick

if some one went into mourning, and if that some one had a lot of unmournful clothes,

then that some one wouldn't have any use for them, and Hetty would be willing to take them. But no one was likely to go into mourning. So Elizabeth went to work and laid in a stock of clothes, over and un-

der, and all sorts. And then she killed off old Yonks again."

He paused, and Garrick sat slowly nod-ding his head to express his approval and

"Van," he said. "that wife of yours is a brick!"

"Well," he laughed, "she's a Van Dolsen, isn't she?"

THROUGH THE WOODS

FOLLOWING THE TRAILS OF

WINTER ANIMALS.

Tracks of the Shrew Invisible in the

Hard Snow-Antler Shed

by a Deer.

The thermometer stood at 10 below, as,

kneeling. I tightened the last strap of my

snow shoes, pulled on my mittens and

started for a tramp through the woods. At

each breath drawn through the nostrils the

sharp air bit like ammonia fumes. Abso-

lutely pure, too, it was, for the ground was hidden under two feet of spotless, unbroken snow. The sun had just risen, there was no wind, and the snow was firm but

not glassy—the snow-shoeing was perfect.
As I entered the woodland something

moved in the undergrowth. I heard it, for the movement was close to me, but I could

not see a living thing. Quietly I stood there, watching, and presently I saw a

bright, dark eye, something larger than a shoe button, watching me closely from be-

neath the lower branches of a white pine. At first I could not see the owner of that

eye, but by and by I made out a wobbly nose and some dark lines which proved to

be the outlines of a pair of ears. Then I

saw that it was a snow-shoe hare in his white winter coat, which rendered him practically invisible on a winter day like

this. I moved quietly toward him, and then he jumped and went away in a series

of wonderful leaps, and was soon lost to view among the trees. But this shallow

trail remained, sharply outlined on the hard surface of the snow. The mark of each of his four feet was distinct and sep-

arate, and together they formed a perfect letter "Y." The imprints of the two small forefeet, one directly in front of the other,

made the stem of the letter, and something in advance of these, the much larger marks

left by the hind feet, the toes pointing out-

somewhat higher than the ground about it

When I was quite near it a small, dark, mouse-like creature hurried across this

open space, and was followed immediately

by another. Evidently they were shrews

and as they disappeared at once I was nat-urally curious to see what they had been

doing and where they had gone. The first thing to do, of course, was to find their

foot-prints; but, alas! this first thing was just what I couldn't do. The snow was so

firm that the delicate feet of the tiny crea-

tures had made no impression which was

visible to my eyes, whatever a microscope might have revealed.

To see the trail of a shrew to the best advantage the conditions must be just so.

The snow should be firm, with just a sprinkling of powdery flakes on the sur-

face; then the delicate tracery wrought by the feet of these very small quadrupeds

will delight the eye of the student who

The trails of white-footed mice were

visible everywhere I went, but even these were much less conspicuous than

they would have been in softer snow.

Tracks of the Deer.

A few minutes later I crossed another

trail of quite a different character. It

consisted of two parallel lines of holes. Each hole was dumb-bell shaped; a man

might make such a hole by plunging his

elenched fist into the snow twice, making

two round impressions, one directly in

front of the other, and then connecting

these by drawing a walking stick through the snow between. Plainly enough this trail had been made by a

deer. Each forefoot had made two holes —one where it went into the snow and

the other where it came out; between was a line made by the slender leg as it

moved forward before it was withdrawn. The hind feet, of course, had followed in

practically the same tracks. An elk makes a similar trail, but much larger.

As I was going nowhere in particular

decided to follow the trail of the deer

and I walked cautiously in order not to

spoil my chances of seeing any wile creatures which might be abroad.

For a time I saw nothing. Then a red squirrel which had attracted my atten-

tion for several minutes by his chatter-

ing suddenly appeared on top of a snowcovered rock, surrounded by the empty shells of nuts he had eaten. He was just

beginning another when he caught sight of me. With an appearance of terror and

dismay which I am sure he was far from

feeling he dropped the nut and clasped his breast with his paws. If I had not known him so well I might have thought

he had been suddenly stricken with heart failure. But he soon recovered what lit-tle composure he had lost, picked up the nut he had dropped and began to chisel the shell. Then, to give him a taste of

real fright, I stamped with my snow-shoes and took a few strides toward him.

He dropped the nut again, and after stop-ping just long enough to make sure that

I was really coming, he jumped into a tree and did not pause again until he was

well out of reach in the top of it.

I walked up and examined the empty

nutshells-typical red squirrel workman-ship in every case. The greater part of

Antler of the Deer.

the other, which ran out onto a branch, twined his long silky tail spirally round

Scatterbrains," the red squirrel.

searches for it.

ward, made the branches of the "Y."

Van Dolsen winked and grinned.

understanding.

Written for The Star.

Mourning for Yonks.

WRITTEN FOR THE STAR BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.

The death of the Hon. Yonks Van Dol- | Hector McGregor to look after their intersen fell on Wighamton like a wet pail. The lests, and like the rough, blundersome Scot he was, he strode relentlessly through cusblow came suddenly and it was none the less serious to Wighamton because no one in the town had ever heard of the late Hon. an eternal spinster.

Wighamton is a small Iowa town and its society is clustered on the "Hill." The farther up the hill one goes the more refined and exclusive the society becomes, and the Van Dolsens lived on the very top. Beyond the Van Dolsens the hill goes down

Richard Van Dolsen was out of town when the sad news spread abroad in Wighamton. He was somewhere in the wild Missouri mountains looking up timber tracts that had been offered at tempting prices, and Mrs. Van Dolsen had to bear the brunt of her first sorrow almost alone. She shut herself in her house and for a week received no one but Miss Arsdale. When she next appeared she was in deep mourning and she immediately fled east

Van Dolsen was a lady of refine ment. Her nose was aquiline and her eyes blue, and she held her position as social leader through two things—her culture and the Van Dolsen name. She led because she felt that a Van Dolsen was entitled to lead. "My dear," she would say to her husband, "why shouldn't we lead? We are Van Dol-

sens."
"My dear," her jolly fat husband would reply, "go ahead and lead if you like it. If I was half the Van Dolsen that you are I would be too aristocratic to do business She was, indeed, the most intense Van

Dolsen of them all. Even the Long Island Van Dolsens, who were born to the name, took less pride in it. It was she who compiled the genealogy. She knew every Van Dolsen, living or dead, and once each year left Wighamton society leaderless to make a pilgrimage to the haunts of the Van Dolsen ancestors. The most remotely Van Dolsen ancestors. The most remotely connected Van Dolsens were dearer to her than brother or sister.

It was elevating and refining to take tea

with Mrs. Van Dolsen and hear her tell, in a soft voice, about the eastern Van Dolsens. To be told about Katrina of Syosset, Long Island, who lived alone in the old homestead, and of Plet, who dwelt in Flushing and still raised the ancestral tulips, was to be admitted to the inner cir-cle. There was really no one in Wighamwho could boast of such ancestry, except Hetty Arsdale, and she, poor girl, was the last of her line. She could have led Wighamton society, too, but she was too

Miss Arsdale was a victim of circum Being an Arsdale, she could not stoop to do any work she was able to do, and being an Arsdale, she could not acindiscriminate charity. She had the Arsdale pride, tempered by necessity, Chararsatic prints, tempered by necessity. Char-ity she would not permit, but she was grateful for opportunities to relieve her good friends of the regrettable necessity of destroying such things as they no longer could conveniently keep. In doing this she felt she was doing them a favor. Every one dislikes to destroy useful articles that are outgrown or that have become superfluous, and Miss Asdale saved them the pain of

She was a dear. Every one liked her, and every one schemed to accumulate superfluous and outgrown articles that she might relieve them of them. The ladies of the nice set regularly made too many preserves and too much bread and bought too many potatoes, so that Miss Arsdale could prevent the utter waste of the surplus by accepting it. She had her system was an absolute line that divided her glad acceptance from her pained and haughty refusal. The ladies of the nice set, being

ladies, were most careful of offending her.

toms and snatched up Miss Hetty as if she was not destined by the town fates to be

And then, just three weeks before the wedding day, when every one was so glad that Mrs. Van Dolsen would be such a help to Miss Hetty in getting ready, Yonks Van Dolsen upset everything and Mrs. Van

was inconsiderate and unnecessary for Mrs. Van Dolsen to go in mourning for a relative of whom she had never spoken be-fore. The ladies of the best set did not say this, but they gently intimated among themselves that perhaps Mrs. Van Dolsen was carrying her family pride a little too far. Her very closest friends never had heard her speak of the late Hon. Yonks, and her mourning was so excessively deep. Even her lingerie, it was whispered, was edged with black.

One or two who ventured to condole with her and who suggested kindly that to share her grief would be to lighten it, were kind-ly but firmly told that some things were too sacred to be told to even one's dearest friends. Miss Hetty herself was told nothing, although she spent the week aiding Mrs. Van Dolsen in the preparation of her mourning. She told those who asked that Mrs. Van Dolsen was not overwhelmed by grief; that she had not shed a tear, but that she wished to do Yonks Van Dolsen all the posthumous honor possible. It came to be believed that probably in her young womanhood she had been wooed by Yonks Van Dolsen and that through some compli-cation she had wed Richard Van Dolsen in-stead. That would acount for her slience

regarding Yonks. It might account for Richard Van Dolsen's silence, too. When, some days after Mrs. Van Dolsen left for the east, Richard Van Dolsen alighted from the train at the Wighamton alighted from the train at the Wighamton depot, it was apparent that the death of his honored relative had not dimmed his spirits. He had made a good trade in the Misouri timber lands, and he walked briskly up the street toward his office,

whistling.

At the corner of Main street and Elm avenue he met Tom Garrick, the city attorney, and they exchanged a hearty hand-clasp. Garrick watched Van Dolsen's face

"Well!" he exclaimed, "glad to see back, Dick! Deal go through all right?"
"Fine!" Van Dolsen replied, "I think I have a good thing in those lands, Tom. How's Wighamton been since I left?" "All right," said Garrick, "I suppose you have heard all the news. Knew Miss Arsdale was engaged?"

"No. you don't tell me!" cried Van Dolsen laughing. "That is news. Anything more? I've been where mail can't go, you know. Rode four hundred miles in a sledge. Been living on bacon and corn pone, and having a grand old time. I wished forty times a day that you were along." Garrick moved along beside his friend, keeping his eyes on his face.
"Dick," he said suddenly, "I suppose you

know Mrs. Van has gone east?"
"Well, no," said Van Dolsen easily. didn't know it, exactly, but I supposed she would be gone by the time I got back. She Intended going."
He looked at Garrick curiously.

Tom?" he asked anxiously. ing wrong with Elizabeth, is there?"
"No, not with Mrs. Van," Garrick assured "She was well when she left, But-" esitated. "But Yonks Van Dolsen Is him. "She w dead." he said.

Van Dolsen stopped.
"What's that?" he asked sharply. rick repeated.

"I said Yonks Van Dolsen is dead," Gar-"Oh. thunder!" exclaimed Van Dolsen.



HE LEANED AGAINST A CONVENIENT WALL FOR SUPPORT.

for them to keep her alive and clothed.

Miss Arsdale and Mrs. Van Dolsen were

Miss Arsdale and Mrs. Van Dolsen were the best of friends. They were much the same age, passed forty, and let no more be said. Their prides fitted snugly and worked smoothly together. Each admired and respected the other. "My dear." Mrs. Van Dolsen would say, "without your good taste I should be a horrid frump." And to the ladies she would say "Hetty is so good. She helvs me so with my shopping. She She helps me so with my shopping. She so patient and sweet and has such good wearing heavy mourning for him."

Van Dolsen had a valise in his hand. He taste," and then the ladies would smile and sigh, and say how sorry they were that dear Miss Hetty would not let them do more for her. She was a universal favorite, so thoughtful, so good to the sick, and refreshing to the well. When they said she did doubly as much for them as she would be served to shake him by the shoulder but as he reached were the solution of the sick, and reference to the sick, and reference to the sick and of the social season, but especially just be-fore Miss Hetty's wedding. Miss Hetty's engagement was an important event. She lessly. At first his face showed fright, bu had never been married before in all her as Van Dolsen writhed in an evident over forty years, and had never expected to be married, and no one else had expected it. People had come to look upon her spinster-hood as one of the immutable things, like the eternal hills and taxes, and her ap-

They respected her pride, which was fine, moving on again, "I should hope so. He because it was for her family and not for herself, but it made it extremely difficult about? What is the joke?"

for them to keep her alive and clothed. "I'm not joking," said Garrick. "You

permit them to do for her they meant it. the shoulder, but as he reached out his hand Every one said it was really too bad Van Dolsen straightened up and, raising his that the death of Yonks Van Doisen should head, yelled. The yells burst forth like come at the time it did, right in the midst great howls, and the tears streamed down his face. He was laughing. Garrick stook back and watched him help-

> as Van Dolsen writhed in an evident over-whelming ecstasy of joy a curious smile touched the corners of his mouth.
> "Oh!" gasped Van Dolsen. He pressed his hands hard into his ribs and gasped again and again before he caught his breath suffi-

other shorter burst of laughter. "You will kill me, Tom! Did she really put on mourning? My, my! but that wife of mine is a wonder! Why, Tom, that old Yonks has been— In mourning for Yonks, hey! Say it again, Tom."

They had reached his office, and Van Dol.

They had reached his office, and Van Dolsen led the way up the stairs, chuckling. He felt in his pocket for the key and unlocked the door, and they both entered.

"Yonks dead," he said, with evident amusement, as he set his vallee on the chair

amusement, as he set his valise on the chair and threw off his heavy fur coat. He turned to his table still repeating, "Poor Yonks!" and "Dead is he, the old blister?"

From the top of his small pile of mall he took the letter that he was sure his wife had left for him. He tore open the envelope hastily and ran his fingers through the sheets. There were several, closely written "We know some of it," said Garrick.

"You know how proud Hetty Arsdale is,"
Van Dolsen continued. "Proud as tacks.
Funny girl, too; she'd take things no one had any use for, but nothing she thought any one could use. Elizabeth was so sorry for her when she heard of the engagement. The poor girl hadn't proper clothes, and no way to get them, and no one would have dared suggest an outfit as a gift.

"I know," Garrick agreed.

"Elizabeth is a wonder!" said Van Dolsen. "That's what I call her, a wonder! What did she do? She figured it out that if some one went into mourning, and if that written "Sit down, Tom." he said, and began to

read the letter. As he read his face alternately became sober and broadened into a grin. When he had finished he folded the letter thoughtfully and pushed it slowly into the envelope. Then he turned to Garrick. "Tom," he said, "Yonks Van Dolsen is "Tom," he said. "Yonks Van Dolsen is dead! My wife has written me all about it. He was a fine old man. I'm going into mourning for him. If any one asks you how took the news, Tom, tell them the truth.

Say I was all broken up."
As soon as possible Richard Van Dolsen had a crepe band sewed on his flat. His friends all said something kind to him regarding his loss, and even at first he ac-Dolsen went in black and shut up her house and went away.

Some—but they were outside the best set and consequently jealous persons—said it was inconsiderate and went away.

Some—but they were outside the best set and consequently jealous persons—said it was inconsiderate and incon h.m. I shouldn't have thought of putting on mourning for him myself, but Mrs. Van wished it. One of the family, after all." As the days passed and he became more accustomed to the idea he seemed to enter more into the spirit of the crepe hatband. He felt, perhaps, that he wasn't doing the late Yonks justice, for it was hard for him to sink his habitual cheerfulness. He be came frankly talkative about Yonks-so

much so that Yonks became something of a bore to Wighamton. "The more I think of it," he said to one of his friends, "the more I feel I have never done Yonks justice. He was a fine fellow. No foolishness about him. One of the good, solid type. Poor old Yonks! He will never

walk the earth again!" To another he said: "Jim, I can't seem to realize that I am in mourning for Yonks. It doesn't seem possible. I lay awake half the night think-ing about it. I almost blubbered out loud

when I thought of his poor family."
"Did he have children?" asked Jim, sympathetically. "Children!" cried Van Dolsen. "He had eighteen! But I wasn't thinking of them. They are all dead. His wife is dead, too. I was thinking of his family—the eastern Vans. Of the blow it must be to them to know that Yonks is no more. You can bet they don't mourn for him in the half-hearted way that I do!"

One afternoon Garrick met Van Dolsen in the post office. He drew him to one "Van." he said, "you knew that my sister Emily was in Florida, didn't you?"
"Why, yes," said Van Dolsen, "so I did.
How's she? Climate helping her health any? Hope you hear good news."

Garrick nodded "Fine," he sald, "she's picking up won-He paused and felt in his pocket, draw-

ng out a letter. "I wrote her about your loss, Van," he said, carelessly. "She sends her sympathy."
Van Dolsen sighed ponderously.
"Poor old Yonks—" he began.
"By the way," said Garrick, hastily, "she

writes that there is a Miss Van Dolsen stopping at the same hotel." Van Dolsen dropped his woeful expression and glanced at Garrick's face questiona-

"The Dickens you say," he exclaimed. He seemed to find something he did not like in the statement. "My sister has not met her yet," said Garrick "Oh," said Van Dolsen with evident re-

"But she wrote that this Miss Van Dolsen evidently has not heard of Yonks Van Dolsen's death yet," continued Garrick.
"She says she isn't in mourning at all. On

"Stop!" said Van Dolsen. "Stop. Tom! Not another word. I know who she is now. No wonder she doesn't go in mourning for She doesn't care whether poor old Yonks is dead or not. She-but I can't tell you why, Tom. There are some things a man can't tell. You know that, Especially when it concerns one's own family. Garrick looked at him with a puzzled ex-pression and folded the letter he had just

opened. "I understand," he said slowly. Van Dolsen turned away, but at the door e paused and returned to Garrick. "Tom," he said seriously, "If your sister hould write anything more on—the subect of Yonks, just keep it to yourself until

he first of the month, will you?"

He winked and grinned. "Until the first of the month," he repeated and Garrick nodded. On the 20th the town temporarily forgot Yonks, for Miss Hetty Arsdale was that day married, and left, in a shower of rice and sincere tears, for Scotland; but on the 21st Yonks was again the one great topic. Miss Garrick had written a long letter to her friend, Miss Mowry. Miss Garrick had met the Miss Van Dolsen who was winter-ing in Florida, and before the day was over

every one in Wighampton, except Van Dolsen, knew what she had written. As Van Dolsen solemnly walked the main As van Doisen solemniy walked the main street his friends looked at him and grin-ned. At first he felt at the back of his col-lar to see if his tie had slipped up in the back. Later he glanced curiously into the mirrors made by the store windows to see if his face was smutted. Finally he went into the Continental Hotel barber shop and examined himself carefully in the long mirror there. He did not notice Tom Garrick lying in one of the barber chairs until the barber tilted the chair upright, and Garrick grinned at him from a collar of towel. "Hello, Dick!" he exclaimed, "you look

Van Dolsen frowned. Tom," he said, "I can't help thinking of pcor Yonks—"
Garrick smiled. The barber was rubbing his hair vigorously in white suds.
"Yes," he said. "Poor old Yonks! We all feel for you, Van. It's hard to die. Cut down in one's youth, leaving a loving relative like you!"

He spoke jerkily, for the barber was doing

his full duty by his head,
"Such a shock, too," he continued. "These sudden deaths jar a fellow so. They come so unexpectedly. You never

know who you are going to mourn for Van Dolsen came and stood beside him. hether," said Garrick, "it will be for Mare Antony. Or Moses. Or Or Adam." Whether.

"Tom," said Van Dolsen, "what do you Garrick, released by the barber, laughed and felt his chin and cheeks.
"Poor Yonks!" he said. "Poor Yonks." Van Dulsen laughed too.
"How is your sister?" he asked, and then

hey both laughed. "Fine as silk," said Garrick. "She's well requainted with Miss Van Dolsen now. She wrote full particulars to Miss Mowry. Says wrote full particulars was surprised at first to hear of Yonks' death. Couldn't place Yonks, somehow. Then she got out that genealogy your wife compiled and she says the only Yonks she could find in it was ertainly dead enough, because he had been

lead since 1679." Van Dolsen began to whistle. He took his pocket knife from his right vest pocket and opened the small blade. He carefully ripped the crepe band from his hat and ropped it gently into the open barrel stove, where a coal fire glowed.

where a coal fire glower.
"Tom," he said, "it was a strain on me
to mourn for that dear departed ancestor. I couldn't seem to get into the proper spirit. He was dead all right and he was a Van Delsen all right, but I couldn't feel a pang. guess it was because he was so extremely dead. When an ancester has been dead over two centuries a man has to be a first-class professional mourner to do him first-class professional mounter to do him justice, and I'm a rank amateur!"

"Dick," he said, "what did you do it for?"

"Well, now, Tom," replied Van Dolsen,
"I am an amateur, and I know it, and I thought it would do me good to practice up a little. Yonks didn't mind it."

He would say no more and for two days Wighampton was obliged to endanger its brain in making wild conjectures. It final-—what I wanted to know was what mis-chief they were up to when I almost stepped on them. I steeped down, and, parting the lower branches of a young decided that either Mrs. Van Dolsen had been suffering from mental unbalance or that she had raised her ancestor worship to unimagined heights, in which case she would probably go right down the list of dead Van Dolsens, giving to each a year of mourning. The spiteful merely said that she knew mourning was becoming to her and that she made an opportunity for it by resurrecting Yonks and burying him

parting the lower branches of a young spruce, I found, close to the toe of my snowshoe, the antier of a white-tailed deer. It had five points, some of which were partly buried in the snow. It had probably belonged to the animal I was trailing, and having become ready to drop it had doubtless done so at the touch of the spruce boughs. On the "beam" there were a few parallel cuts, evidently made by the teeth of mice; the little rascals had begun to eat it, though it could not have been on the snow more than a few hours. And yet, how often are we asked: "If it is true that deer shed their antiers

she can explain, and she wouldn't come back unless she could, and I certainly want her to come back."
"Certainly," said Garrick, "we all do. Can't get along without her."
"So I guess I'll explain," said Van Dol-

He thought awhile to get his explanation Discussed by Lieutenant Govin the proper order.

"Elizabeth is a very good woman," he said presently. "She's the best woman I know. No one knows all the good she ernor Forget.

VIEWS ON INDEPENDENCE

He Believes Canada Will Become a Separate Nation.

ATTITUDE OF THE FRENCH

Declared to Be More Loyal to the Government Than the English in the British Northwest.

(Copyright, 1906, by Frank G. Carpenter.) REGINA, Saskatchewan. I have just had a long talk with King

Edward's representative in the province of Saskatchewan. This Canadian dominion is, you know, a sort of an annex to Great Britain. The King of England nominally bosses the whole. His head overseer is Earl Grey, who lives at the federal capital, Ottawa, and who gets \$50,000 a year and his keep. He is chosen by King Edward in | pers." council, but the Canadian government pays his salary and all his expenses. He has the title of governor general and is more of social flurehead than anything else. In addition to the governor general, King

and invested about a million dollars in buy-ing cheap lands. They then brought, sev-eral train loads of settlers here to examine the ground and persuaded a few hundred of them to buy farms. The success of those men in wheat-raising was such that the re-ports of the richness of the soil went back ports of the richness of the soil went back to the states, and two years later American immigrants began to pour in. They came by thousands. Then the news of the north-west territories spread to Europe and we began to get settlers from there. The tide is now so great that nothing can stop it, and I look for a mighty increase next sum-mer."

Will Canada's Prosperity Last? "But, governor, is your land such that it will last as a wheat cultivating proposi-

"I believe so. One who has not tested this soil can have no idea of its fertility. The lands here about Regina are of a rich black loam, which in many places is thirty and even forty feet deep. Some of it has been cultivated for years with no-diminu-tion of crops. It yields from twenty to thirty bushels of wheat to the acre without fertilization, and with good cultivation it will produce that for many years to come. Your people understand our lands better than any others. They are buying them in large tracts, and many are also taking out

They Are Fond of Our Dollars. "How do you Canadians like the Amer-

"Very much indeed. We are glad to welcome them as members of our body politic. Many of them bring money with them and they aid in developing the country."

our citizens becoming naturalized Canadians? "Yes. Those who are taking out home-steads are required to be so before they can complete their title, although they may enter the land without doing so. I understand many of those who are buying lands are also taking out naturalization pa-

Canada is Still Loyal.

"Your honor is the representative of the English crown," said I. "It is your bus'-ness to study the relations that the Cana-

suaded to return to France if such a thing were possible. If the question of the British and French were submitted to them they would not vote to have Canada under French rule. We love France, for it is our mother country, but we do not want the French as our rulers. We prefer to be as

The French in Canada. "What part do the French Canadians now hold in Canada? They are found almost

altogether in Quebec, are they not?" "No, indeed. They live in all the provinces. Many of them are now settling in Saskatchewan and Alberta. In Quebec they form almost the whole population, and they are also in the majority in the province of Ontario. Two-thirds of the citizens of Montreal are French Canadians, and there is a large element in the settled parts of the

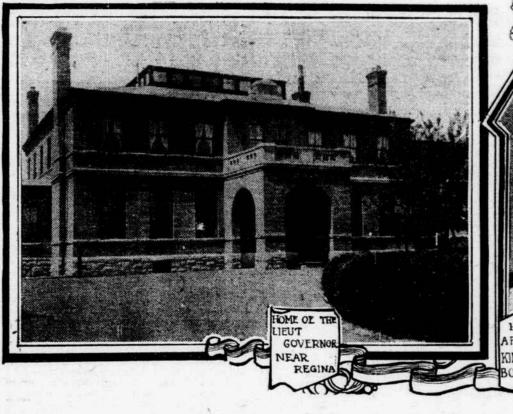
French Canadians in the United States.

Until now we have had a large emigration of our people to the United States. " They have crossed over the border from Quebec and Ontario and gone down into New England and elsewhere, Many of them may be found at work in your factories, and they have settled near them. There are something like one million French-Canadians in your country. Of late, however, such emigrants have turned their attention to the west. They are coming to Saskatchewan and Alberta. From now on I look for an influx of them, not only from the eastern part of the dominion but also from the United States."
"What kind of a people are the French-

"Personally, I think they are about as good as have been created," said the lieutenant governor. "They are strong, forceful, industricus, honest and order-loving."
"Do they make good farmers?"
"Yes, they are thrifty and expressions."

"Yes; they are thrifty and economical. It is said they can make a living where others would starve. They ought to grow rich in this country."

A Strong Race. "Will not these people in time be lost in



Canadian provinces, who goes by the title of lieutenant governor. These men are ap-Not caring to follow the trail of the hare.

I kept on my way, and before long I came
to a level space guite clear of trees and

Forget (propounced Forgets). He cannot being the cabinet, "No," replied the lieuten "the Canadians are loyal. The lieutenant governor of the new of their connection with the province of Saskatchewan is Mr. A. E. orget (pronounced For-zhay.) He occupies the same position as to the provincial legis lature as Earl Gray holds to the federal parliament. He is King Edward's personal agent and figurehead. All laws passed by the legislature are presented to him and he can veto any act he sees fit. I doubt, however, whether he would dare veto many. These Canadians are proud of their independence and will not tolerate any directions from their imperial bosses and subbosses except upon extraordinary occasions. If the state legislature should pass bills which were evidently not the will of the people the lieutenant gover-nor might veto them and be safe. Otherwise he would probably only act as to bills which he thought might directly affect his imperial majesty. Even in such cases the act might be again passed over his head and he would hardly dare veto it a second time.

Governor Forget at Home.

The lieutenant governor is the best paid official in Saskatchewan. His salary is \$0,000 a year and he has the government house to live in. This is by all odds the finest residence in the Canadian northwest territory. It is a big two-story mansion about a mile and a half from Regina, situated in the midst of the prairie. Its rooms are large and suited for entertaining. At one end of it is a conservatory, where the flowers bloom when Jack Frost has bitten off all other vegetation with his "forty-degrees-below-zero teeth." The governor's house has double windows. It is heated by steam and it is always summer

I thoroughly realized this yesterday afternoon when I rode over the prairies to visit his excellency. I was wrapped in buffalo robes and I wore a coon-skin coat and cap and was almost frozen, notwithstanding. Entering the mansion was like jump-ing from winter into the lap of summer, or like taking a flying leap from the north pole to the temperature of Los Angeles or New Orleans.

A French Canadian.

It is necessary for the lieutenant governor to have a good house. He has to uphold the dignity of the British empire. He is the social leader of the province, and as such he has much entertaining to do. Gov. Forget is well fitted for this in that he is a French Canadian. He has, however, been more than a social figure. He is noted as an active working statesman, is a man of force and has had considerable influence upon all things connected with Saskatchewan has for years been one of the leaders of the northwest territories and is thoroughly posted on all going on in them.

Born of French Canadian parents, Governor Forget was educated in Quebec. Af ter his graduation he spent some time in the United States learning English. He lived for a year at Montpelier, Vt., and while there heard our ablest lecturers in the persons of such men as Henry Ward Beecher, Wendell Phillips and Theodore Tilton. About the time of his admission to the bar a rebellion of the half-breeds broke out near Winnipeg. Soldiers were sent to the front from eastern Canada and the rebellion quelled. In the trial of the traitors which ensued young Forget was sent out from the east as an assistant to one of the lawyers. He arrived here in midsummer, when the country was in its brightest garb; he fell in love with it, and determined to return and make it his home. After the trial was over he went back to Quebec, but a short time later accepted an official position in the territorial govern-ment. This brought him again to Mani-toba and he has been here from that time

each shell was in one piece, but the cut-ting was zig-zag and of the irregular character one might expect from "Little Taking up the trail of the deer again I soon reached a belt of young spruces through which the animal had passed. I to this, having spent twenty-nine years in the territories. During that period he has to this, having spent twenty-nine years in the territories. During that period he has been advanced from one prominent place to another. For a long time he was commissioner of Indian affairs and later still was the representative of King Edward as lieutenant governor of the whole northwest territories, a tract many times the size of Great Britain and Ireland. Now that a part of these territories has been made into was walking as quietly as possible, and as I parted the branches with my hands two mice darted almost from under my snowshoes and leaped away at high speed across the snow. Both made straight for a particular white pine growing not far away and ran nimbly up the trunk of it. Then I lost sight of one while watching part of these territories has been made into states he has been appointed governor of a twig and sat peering at me from behind a bunch of pine needles. All this was more or less of an old story

Saskatchewan.

Governor Forget is a type of the best of the French Canadians. Tall, slender and fine looking, he is dignified and cultured. He speaks English fluently, his talk showing all the force of the westerner the polish of the Frenchman.

Discovered by Americans. Upon my presentation as an American

newspaper correspondent the lieutenant governor said that he thought Saskatchewan owed much to Americans. Said he: "Your pecple to a certain extent hold the place the eternal hills and taxes, and her approaching marriage had all the wonderful qualities of the unexpected and awesome. No man in Wighamton would have had the temerity to shake good old customs by marrying Miss Hetty. It would have been dead! I am sacrilegious. But the Wighamton Mortage and Trust Company got into difficulties and the Scotch investors sent over the second hills by resurrecting Yonks and burying him again.

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"Tom," he said, when he had shut the door, "I've been thinking this thing over, and I guess it will be annoying to Mrs. Van if she comes back and has to do all the explaining. In fact, I don't see how into great the second day Van Dolsen dropped into Garrick's office.

"Tom," he said, when he had shut the door, "I've been thinking this thing over, and yet, how often are we asked:

"It is true that deer shed their antiers that deer shed their antiers of American capitalists, at the suggestion of the comes back and has to do all the second day Van Dolsen dropped into Garrick's office.

"It is true that deer shed the second day Van Dolsen dropped into deat it, though it could not have been on the snew marrick's of

Edward has a suboverseer in each of the dians hold to the British empire; to 'know pointed by the governor general of Canada in council, the council being the cabinet, which really rules the country from Otta
"No," replied the lieutenant governor, "the Canadians are loyal. They are proud of their connection with the mother coun-

> An Independent Nation. "But will this condition obtain as Canada

grows? "It will be as it is for years to come, was the reply. "I believe, however, that Canada will eventually be an independent nation. When we have five times as many people as we have now, when we number twenty-five millions and are strong enough to stand alone, Canada will probably be a nation of itself. It will not break away from England as the United States did. There will be no rebellion, no ill feeling and no fight for independence. The people of both nations will realize that the change should be made, and it will come by mutual agreement.

The French-Canadians. "How about the French Canadians? Are

they loyal to the crown?" "Intensely so," replied this French Cana dian lieutenant governor. "They are, if anything, more loyal to the empire than the Anglo-Canadians. Their loyalty is of a different kind. The English Canadians have a sentimental feeling toward Great Britain. The loyalty of the French is based upon the conviction that their best interests are founded upon such a union. This has always been the case. I don't believe there was ever a time when the French Canadians could have been persuaded to have gone against the crown. Had a rebellion occurred during recent years-I mean, for instance, one like yours of 1776, or any rebellion to break away from Great Britain-and had a war resulted therefrom, th French Canadians would have supported England as against Canada. Indeed, in all questions which have come up relating to he rights of French Canadians as opposed to those of the Anglo-Canadians, we found the decisions of the crown both fair and impartial; and we have been better able to maintain our rights than we might have been had Canada been independent."

Don't Want France to Rule.

"But suppose it was a question between France and Great Britain, would not your people rather be governed by the French?
Would they not rather go back to their own country than continue here as a part of the British empire?"

"I do not believe our people could be per-

the other elements of the population? Are not the days of the French Canadiaus num-"I do not think so" said Governor For-

get. "My race is a strong one, and its marriages take place largely within its own people. Now and then a fine-fooking girl or a handsome young man marries an Anglo Canadian. Love, as you-know, is no respector of races." respecter of races. It is a singular fachowever, that the French blood is the stronger in these mixed marriages, and that the second or third generation reverts alto-gether to the French characteristics.

"Another thing in favor of the longevity of the French Canadian as a race," conthrued his honr, "is that the people are prolific. Our families in Quebec and in Ontario usually have from five to eight children, while the Anglo Canadians are often confined to two or three. Quebec is rapidly increasing its population, notwithstanding the great emigration to the United States. On the other hand, Ontario is fall-ing off, and so are Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. According to our constitution Quebec has the right to sixty-five members in the parliament at Ottawa, and her mem-bership there is fixed at that number. The number of members allotted to each of the other provinces is changed to correspond with the pro rata of Quebec, as determined by each census every ten years. When the census is taken the number of people in Quebeo is divided by sixty-five, and that fixes the unit of representation in the other provinces. Indeed Ontario lost some mempers by the increased population of Quebec

at the last census.' The French and the Government.

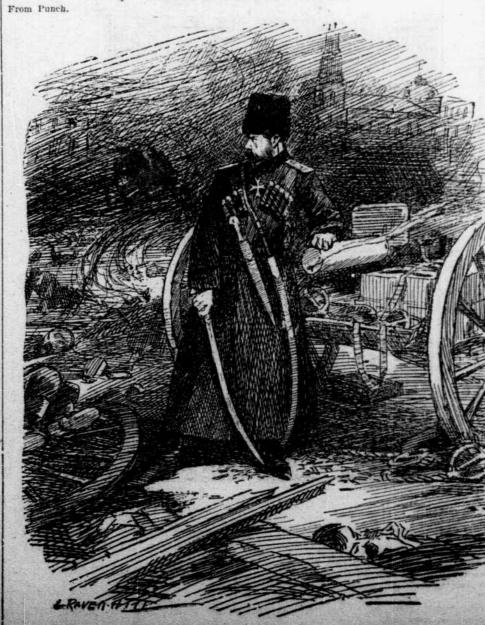
"Do you Frenchmen take much interest in the government and in political ques-

"Indeed we do. We are vitally interested in the good of Canada, and we want to have our say in everything that is done. The French Canadians have their share in the government. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is a French Canadian, and he is one of the most progressive and most able of all our statesmen. It is largely due to him that Canada goes ahead as fast as it does,"

"Is there any feeling among your people in favor of annexation to the United

"I think not, The French Canadians, as I have told you, are proud that they are Canadians, and they have no thought of

PEACE REIGNS AT MOSCOW



The csar-"Now, I think, the way is clear for universal suffrage."